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REPUBLICAN CLUB ANNUAL
The annual meeting of the Grand Rapids Republican Club will be held on Monday evening, Feb. 14, at the Grand Rapids Hotel. The purpose of the meeting is to elect officers and to transact such other business as may properly be considered. A full attendance of all interested Republicans is requested.
R. A. HAYWARD,
Secretary of Grand Rapids Republican Club
JACOB F. LAMOREUX,
Chairman of Republican Central Committee
D. W. JONES,
Chairman of Republican City Committee

The weather today will be fair.

GEN. ALGER ATTACKED.

Until time shall develop the animus of the attack made upon General Alger it is premature to venture an opinion as to its political weight. Of the attack itself little else can be said than that it stands without challenge as the most despicable and conspicuous piece of guerrilla-like warfare that ever disgraced the columns of so disreputable a paper as the New York Sun. For years that paper has been the mouthpiece through which the sewage from the diseased and disordered brain of Charles A. Dana has been emptied upon the people. Its foul rantings and insane bitterness have weakened its influence as a party organ, and it is regarded as a friendless renegade with a fork in one hand and a dagger in the other, ready to stab friend or foe, at the whim or caprice of a man, who failing to secure any recognition as a leader among men himself hates all other men who are so preferred. General Alger in replying to the charges fully vindicated himself. He needed no vindication, from such unbecoming aspersions, where he is best known. That it became necessary to bring into the controversy the names of honored dead is a matter for regret, but the odium attaching thereto must fall upon the perfidious scoundrel.

CONVICT LABOR.

According to the views of the Knights of Labor as voiced by Mr. Powderly, the products of cheap prison labor should not be allowed to come in competition with the products of honest workmen, arguing that equal wages for like work, whether the production of honest labor or convict labor, should prevail. Ignoring the fact, that the products of all the prisons in the United States are but an inconsiderable portion of our entire production, and therefore not a vital factor in fixing the price obtainable for like productions; and viewing the suggestion from a humanitarian standpoint solely, much food for thought remains. Already at a wage about equivalent to the pauper wages of Europe our prisons have become self-sustaining. Advance this wage to a sum approximating the wages paid honest labor and a surplus would accrue, which might be devoted to charity or apportioned among the usually indigent families of the convicts as suggested. The family of five children, of which Mr. Powderly spoke, grew up to a respectable manhood and womanhood, and became menaces to the peace and morals of society. Not so the parallel case. In each, five young children and a wife, owing to the felonies of the husband, were left to face shame not of their making, and to struggle unaided with poverty. In the one case the wife seems to have been weak of mind as well as of body, in the other the wife with a heroic worth of emulation sent her back daily over the washboard that her children might grow up respectable and live down the shame brought upon them by their natural protector. So bravely did she labor and endure that the oldest son became a locomotive engineer, the second son a successful merchant, and the three daughters, beloved wives of well-to-do businessmen. All are honored members of society and stand high in the communities in which they reside. The husband, for his offense against the peace and dignity of the state, was housed, clothed, fed and branded a felon; the wife for having wed this man was shamed by his act and punished for it by being forced to work almost beyond her powers of endurance. A society of the wage earned by her convict husband would have lightened the shameful load so nobly endured. There are many such cases crying out against the iniquities of our prison laws, and it is to be hoped their pitiful appeals may reach hearts best able to right their wrongs.

DRAINAGE OF SHIPPING.

It is with no sense of gratification that one reads that American freight vessels are becoming so rare on the waters that they are objects of curiosity. Feelings of patriotism are not paramount as one pictures the surprise and incredulity which an officer of another vessel announced to the crew that it was an American vessel and not an asperion that he has just sighted. And yet the reports of the New York produce exchange would go to prove that the English and other European nations are sweeping the seas of the stars and stripes. Last year there were shipped from New York to Europe 45,000,000 bushels of grain (including bookwheat). This vast amount of grain made 1200 ship loads, and of these only twenty-five loads were carried under our own flag, and were the

rights of our four trans-Atlantic merchant vessels. Such figures are appalling. With the Yankee thrift and industry that characterizes the American in all their dealings on the land, it is strange that they will deliberately allow other nations to reap all the benefits of the commerce on the sea.

FOOLING THE CONGRESSMEN.

Next week congress, at the urgent invitation of Chicago, will visit that city as a body. The ostensible object of the invitation is to show congress the site for the great fair, the work that has already been done on the buildings, and generally to place the b-b-y in such position that it may more readily understand the proposals that will be brought before it by its own committee, and to give it a personal knowledge of the work done and to be done. Chicago is a loud in their expressions that this is a purely disinterested move, and that the delegation will be a perfect liberty to explore and investigate in its own way, and that all reference as to any future action on its part will be religiously avoided. This sounds very well for Chicago! But the thought will obtrude that a bill now pending in congress for a further appropriation of \$5,000,000 for the fair and that perhaps Chicago is not as disinterested as she professes to be. Besides, the cost of such a congressional junket will present itself. Such expenditure must be paid for by the people, and while it would be very commendable for the congressmen, or for a very large number of them to investigate at their own expense the fair matters, it would seem that there is something about Chicago's part in this that calls for criticism. Chicago poses as the foremost of American cities in liberality, enterprise and go-aheadiveness, and represents herself, before securing the fair, as abundantly able and perfectly willing to shoulder all the responsibility of it. But this action of hers looks like a sharp Chicago trick. Of course she will lock all her skeletons securely in their closets, then wine and dine the congressmen and send them back to Washington so prejudiced in her favor that they will vote that \$5,000,000 almost without winking. Every patriotic American wants to see the fair a success, and will do all in his power to make it such, but in this matter, Chicago is covering herself with shame.

The reciprocity treaty which removed the duty on flour going from the United States into Cuba, went into effect Jan. 1, and the results of the business done during the month are certainly very gratifying. No less than 62,371 sacks of flour were received at Havana from United States ports during January, while a year ago the number for the same month was 2,720 sacks. This again can not fail to be of interest to farmers, who will see in it magnificent prospects for the disposal of one of their leading crops. For the high grade of flour which the United States makes, and which the average Cuban is now using for the first time, there can not fail to be a growing demand. A new era of still greater prosperity has dawned for the American farmer.

ANOTHER American heiress has become a pedagogue—a pedigree that extends back to the time of William the Conqueror. With it go three titles, some encumbered estates, and an extravagant young man. The bride is said to be beautiful—woo ever heard of an heiress that wasn't beautiful?—and her fortune will probably be sufficient to support her husband in the luxury in which his creditors have hitherto supported him. In return she has the privilege usually accorded to a duchess—especially when the title has been declared to be of no legal value. But both are probably satisfied with their bargain, and if they are, it isn't strictly any of the world's business.

It seems singular that any friends of Secretary Blaine should refuse to take that gentleman at his word. His friends and admirers should not be proclaiming from the house-tops that his letter is a mere trick to increase the popular anxiety regarding his candidacy. Mr. Blaine is not a tricky man in politics; he above all has no reason to be. Any reflections upon his motives or intentions should be left to his enemies and the democrats to make. Mr. Blaine is honest in saying he will not be a candidate, and he should be taken at his word.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY BURROUGHS of Detroit has declared that the prosecution in the Considine cases ought to be abandoned, and 100 prominent citizens of that city have petitioned Governor Winans to direct the prosecuting attorney to proceed. This is the right move, and the sooner Detroit demands that its officials shall perform their duty in such cases the sooner will the city be rid of the thugs that now infest it.

ONE of Pittsburgh's jokers thought it would be funny to drop a hot penny down a little newsboy's back, and the judge thought it would be funny to fine the joker \$10. Reciprocity will do much toward the suppression of that no plus ultra of nuisances—the practical joker.

Mrs. BARBOUR, an intelligent and well educated woman living at Luther, was afflicted with a disease of the kidneys, and depended upon faith cure. Her funeral will be held today. Faith cure is taking rank with the unloaded gun as an instrument for depopulation.

MAX O'RAUL says a parson is a person who makes strenuous efforts to make other people believe he is entitled to the position he occupies. A more perfect description of Holman could not be written.

CARDINAL MANNING needs no greater monument to speak of his broad char-

ity, his tender humanity, and his perfect unselfishness, than the knowledge that of his once immense fortune he had possessed of only five hundred dollars.

DEMOCRATS are very disappointed over the maiden speech of Senator Alger, many of them claiming it was more like a stump speech than a senate oration. If stump speeches will "queer" a candidate, what will become of Dave Ladd?

YOUNG Blaine will allow his wife to secure a decree of divorce. Under the circumstances he could not do less, and she could not desire more.

NEGOTIATIONS for reciprocity in trade relations between Canada and the United States were formally opened in Washington yesterday.

GENERAL ALGER could scarcely hope for a better recommendation than to be attacked by the New York Sun.

AMUSEMENTS.

POWERS—"The Private Secretary." The quaint and clever comedy so well known to Grand Rapids theatergoers was reproduced at this theater last night before a very appreciative audience. Of the play THE HERALD has heretofore spoken in commendable terms. It is pure and wholesome comedy, innocent and highly amusing in its motives and incidents. The present company, under the direction of William Travers, is admirably selected. Edwin Fairbanks as the secretary seems congenial and well adapted to his sentiment and feeling. He grasps the humor of the part with quiet and refined touches, and his "Do you know?" was irresistible. Ross Davis is the best Catermole since Kennedy, who was so popular in the original cast. Edwin Travers as Douglas, the mischievous nephew, left nothing to be desired. It was a clever and artistic comedy impersonation. The balance of the company combined in giving a presentation of the comedy, which was in every way as satisfactory as the original cast. There will be two more performances, that is this afternoon and evening.

General Mention.

Edwin Travers, now the director of the "Private Secretary," will be remembered in Grand Rapids for the hit he made as Capt. Redwood, in "Jim the Penman."

Chas. T. Ellis, who has made a host of friends in Grand Rapids, will close his engagement at Redmond's tomorrow evening.

Today will be the last chance to see Oscar Gray's great circus show. A circus in a theater is a novelty in Grand Rapids.

The saw mill scene in "Blue Jeans," a play that was given in New York last winter for 200 consecutive nights, is a turning point in the play, but it is not a scene around which a play has been written. The events of the previous acts lead up to it naturally, and while it enhances the interest in the performance the play is not dependent on it for its success. It is managed by real machinery, shifting and belts and three large circular saws in rapid revolution. After a few boards have been sawed a guarantee of good faith that the saws are not of pasteboard, the mill is shut down for an hour, and during this interval, at the end of a scuffle between the hero and the villain, the former is thrown upon the tramway which carries the boards forward against the teeth of the saw. Of course the heroine releases the unfortunate in the nick of time, and the scene is a thrilling and never-forgotten. This famous play will be given at Powers' opera house next week for three nights, February 15, 16 and 17.

"The Firm's Ward" will receive two representations at Smith's today. They are all guessing on the new comedy "777" which will be current at Redmond's next week, beginning Monday evening.

HELD FOR PERJURY.

Mrs. Osborne Formally Committed for Trial at London.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Mrs. Osborne, charged with perjury in connection with the theft of the Hargreaves jewels had a preliminary examination at the Bow street police court today. The grief-stricken woman was accompanied by her husband, who kept by her side all through the proceedings and made every effort possible to cheer her up during the terrible ordeal. Mrs. Osborne was dressed in deep mourning and wept bitterly during all the time she was in the court room. She appeared completely broken down by her position and it was evident that only the loving attention of her husband enabled her to keep up.

The testimony reviewed the facts already well known to the public. The fact was stated that at all the times when Hargreaves left suit had been paid. Mrs. Hargreaves said she would like to have the case dropped, but the magistrate considered it his duty to formally commit the prisoner for trial on the charge of perjury. She will be tried shortly at the old Bailey.

Mrs. Osborne was removed from the court room in a half fainting condition, her husband attending her with the affection which he has marked her course toward her throughout all the proceedings. Many ladies in the court room were visibly affected by the painful scene.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUES BANQUET

Feasting in Honor of Lincoln's Birthday. Disappointed in Speakers.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Feb. 12.—The state league of republican clubs closed its annual convention this evening with a banquet in celebration of Lincoln's birthday, in which they were joined by a number of the prominent republicans of the state. Nearly four hundred sat down at the banquet tables. The chief features were to be speeches by Dewey, Clarkson and Fassett, and great was the disappointment when it was announced that the last named speaker had declined to attend. The banquet was a success, and the speakers who did attend were well received.

Ex-Governor Foraker was toast-master. Dewey was announced to respond to the toast "Abraham Lincoln." In his absence, the toast was drunk in silence, all standing. Governor McKinley made the most important speech of the evening. It responded to the toast "Ohio."

Forgot to Pay Their Tax.

GREENSBURG, Ind., Feb. 12.—That part of the Cincinnati, Wash & Michigan railroad lying in this county has been purchased by a syndicate of Greenburg capitalists at a delinquent tax sale. The delinquency amounted to over \$50,000 for non-payment of taxes was an oversight on the part of the company, but they will have to pay a penalty of over \$900.

MELISSA'S TOUR.

By GRANT ALLEN.



I glanced over her shoulder and followed her pen as she wrote.

Lucy looked across the table at me with a face of blank horror. "Oh, Vernon," she cried, "what are we ever to do? And an American at that! This is just too ghastly!"

I laid down my coffee cup and glanced back at her in surprise. "Why, what's up?" I exclaimed, scanning the envelope closely. "A letter from Oxford, surely. Mrs. Wade, of Christ Church—I thought I knew the hand. And she's not an American."

"Well, look for yourself!" Lucy cried, and tossed the note to me, pointing, I took it and read. I'm aware that I have the misfortune to be only a man, but it really didn't strike me as quite so terrible.

"DEAR MRS. HANCOCK—George has just heard that your husband and you are going for a trip to New York this summer. Could you manage to do us a very great kindness? I hope you won't mind it. We have an American friend—a Miss Easterbrook, of Kansas City—niece of Professor Amos P. Easterbrook, the well known Yale geologist, who very much wishes to find an escort across the Atlantic. If you would be so good as to take charge of her and deliver her safely to Dr. Horace Easterbrook, of Hobeoken, on your arrival in the states, you would do a good turn to her and at the same time confer an eternal favor on yours very truly,

EMILY WADE.

Lucy folded her hands in melodramatic despair. "Kansas City!" she exclaimed with a shudder of horror. "And Amos P. Easterbrook! A geologist, indeed! That horrid Mrs. Wade! She just did it on purpose!"

"It seems to me," I put in regarding the letter closely, "that she is merely because she was asked to find a chaperon for the girl, and she wrote the very shortest possible note, in a perfunctory way, to the very first acquaintance she chanced to hear of who was going to America."

"Vernon!" my wife exclaimed, with a very decided air, "you men are such simpletons! You credit everybody always with the best and purest motives. But you're utterly wrong. I can see through that woman. The hateful, hateful wretch! She did it to spite me! Oh, my poor, poor boy; my dear, guileless Bernard!"

Bernard, I may mention, is our oldest son, aged just twenty-four, and a Cambridge graduate. He's a tutor at King's, and though he's a dear, good fellow and a splendid linguist, I couldn't myself conscientiously say I regard guilelessness as quite his most marked characteristic.

"What are you doing?" I asked as Lucy sat down with a resolutely determined air at her writing table in the corner.

"Boiling!" my wife replied, with some asperity in her tone. "Why, answering that hateful, detestable woman!"

I glanced over her shoulder and followed her pen as she wrote:

"MY DEAR MRS. WADE—It was indeed a delight to us to see your neat little handwriting again. Nothing would give us greater pleasure, I'm sure, than to take charge of your friend, who, I'm confident, we shall find a most charming companion. Bernard will be with us, so she won't feel it dull, I trust. We hope to have a very delightful trip, and your happy thought in providing us with a traveling companion will add, no doubt, to all our enjoyment—especially Bernard's. We both join in very kindest regards to Mr. Wade and yourself, and I am ever yours most cordially,

"LUCY B. HANCOCK."

My wife fastened down the envelope with a very crushing air. "There, that ought to do for her," she said, glancing up at me triumphantly. "I should think she could see from that, if she's not as blind as an owl, I've observed her atrocious designs upon Bernard and mean to checkmate them. If, after such a letter, she has the cheek to send us her Yankee girl to chaperon, I shall consider her lost to all sense of shame and all notions of decency. But the worst of course, she'll withdraw her unbecomingly!" And Lucy sang it's a good one that had roused all this wrath on to the back of the first place with offended dignity.

She was wrong however. By next evening's post a second letter arrived, more disappointing, if possible, to her nerves than the first one.

"Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London:

"DEAR MADAM—I learn from my friend Mrs. Wade, of Oxford college, that you are going to be kind enough to take charge of my cousin the countess. I thank you for your courtesy and will gladly accept your friendly offer. If you will let me know by what channel you start I will register my passage right away in Liverpool. Also, if you will be good enough to tell me from what depot you leave London, and by what train, I will go along with you in the car. I'm anxious to travel alone. Respectfully,

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

Lucy gazed at it in despair. "A creature like that!" she cried, all horror-struck. "Oh, my poor, dear Bernard! The countess, the countess! Go along with you in the car! Melissa P. Easterbrook!"

Lucy fastened at me profound volumes of mute despair. "The girl's pretty," she said at last, after a long, deep pause, during which I had been made to realize to the full my own utter mental and intellectual nothingness. "You may be sure she's pretty. Mrs. Wade wouldn't have asked her upon us if she wasn't pretty, but unspeakable. It's a vile plot on her part to destroy my peace of mind. You won't believe it, Vernon; but I know that woman. And what does the girl mean by signing herself 'Respectfully,' I wonder?"

"It's the American way," I ventured gently to interpose.

"So I gather," my wife answered, with a profound accent of contempt. To her anything that isn't done in the purest English way stands, ipso facto, self-condemned immediately.

A day or two later a second letter arrived from Miss Easterbrook, in reply to one of Lucy's suggesting a rendezvous. I confess it drew up in my mind a somewhat painful picture. I began to believe my wife's fears were in some ways well grounded.

"Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London," (as before).

"DEAR MADAM—I thank you for your note and will meet you on the day and hour you mention at St. Pancras depot. You will know me when you see me, because I shall wear a dove colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of gray spectacles. Respectfully,

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

I laid it down and sighed. "A New England schoolmarm!" I exclaimed with a groan. "It sounds rather terrible. A dove colored dress and a pair of gray spectacles! I fancy I can picture her to myself—a tall and bony person of a certain age, with corkscrew curls, who reads improving books and has views of her own about the fulfillment of prophecy."

But as my spirits went down, so Lucy's went up, like the old man and woman in the cottage weather glass. "That looks more promising," she said. "The spectacles are good. Perhaps after all dear Bernard may escape. I don't think he's at all the sort of person to be taken with a dove colored bonnet."

For some days after Bernard came home from Cambridge we chaffed a good deal among ourselves about Miss Melissa Easterbrook. Bernard took quite my view about the spectacles and dress. He even drew on an envelope a fancy portrait of Miss Easterbrook, as he said himself, "from documentary evidence." It represented a typical schoolmarm of the most virulent order, and was calculated to strike terror into the receptive mind of ingenuous youth on simple inspection.

At last the day came when we were to go to Liverpool. We arrived at St. Pancras in very good time, and looked about on the platform for a tall and hard-faced person of transatlantic aspect, arrayed in a dove colored dress and a pair of gray spectacles. But we looked in vain; nobody about seemed to answer to the description. At last Bernard turned to my wife with a curious smile. "I think I've spotted her mother," he said, waving his hand vaguely to the right. "That lady over yonder—by the door of the refreshment room. Don't you see? That must be Melissa." For we knew her only as Melissa already among ourselves; it had been raised to the mild rank of a family witticism.

I looked in the direction he suggested and paused for certainty. There, irresolute by the door and gazing about her timidly with inquiring eyes, stood the prettiest, finest, most shrinking little western girl you ever saw in your life—attired, as she said, in a dove colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of gray spectacles. But oh, what a dove colored dress! Walter Crane might have designed it—one of those perfect traveling costumes of which the American girl seems to possess a monopoly; and the spectacles—well, the spectacles, though undoubtedly real, added just a touch of piquancy to an otherwise almost painfully timid and retiring little figure. The moment I set eyes on Melissa Easterbrook, I will candidly admit, I was her captive at once; and even Lucy, as she looked at her, relaxed her face involuntarily into a sympathetic smile. As a rule, Lucy might pass as a perfect model of the British matron in her ampler and maturer years—"calmly terrible," as an American observer once described the genus; but at sight of Melissa she melted without a struggle.

"Poor, wee little thing, how pretty she is!" she exclaimed with a start. You will readily admit that was a great deal, from Lucy.

Melissa came forward tentatively, a dainty black half rising on her rather pale and delicate little cheek. "Mrs. Hancock!" she said in an inquiring tone, with just the faintest suspicion of an American accent in her musical, small voice. Lucy took her hand cordially. "I was sure it was you, ma'am," Melissa went on with pretty confidence, looking up into her face, "because Mrs. Wade told me you'd be as kind to me as a mother, and the moment I saw you I just said to myself, 'That must be Mrs. Hancock, she's so sweetly motherly.' How good of you to burden yourself with a stranger like me! I hope indeed I won't be too much trouble."

That was the beginning. I may as well say, first as last, we were all of us taken by storm "right away" by Melissa. Lucy herself struck her flag unconditionally before a single shot was fired, and Bernard and I, hard hit at all points, surrendered at discretion. She was the most charming little girl the human mind can conceive. Our cold English language fails, in its roughness, to describe her. She was petite, misnomer, graceful, fairylike, yet with a touch of Yankee quaintness and a delicious sparkle that made her absolutely unique in my experience of women. We had utterly lost our hearts to her before ever we reached Liverpool; and, strange to say, I believe the son of us whose heart was most completely gone was, if only you'll believe it, that solemn little Lucy.

Melissa's most winning characteristic, however, as it seemed to me, was her perfect frankness. As we whirled along on our way across England she told us everything, about herself, her family, her friends, her neighbors and the population of Kansas City in general. Not obtrusively or egotistically—of optimum Melissa would be wholly inapplicable—but in a certain timid, confiding, half child-like way, as of the lost little girl, that was absolutely captivating. "Oh, ma'am," she said, in answer to one of Lucy's earliest questions, "I didn't come over alone. I think I'd be afraid to. I came with a whole squad of us who were doing Europe. A prominent lady in Kansas City took charge of the whole

lot. And I got as far as Rome with them, through Germany and Switzerland, and then my money wouldn't run to it any further, so I had to go back. Traveling comes high in Europe, what with hotels and food and having to pay to get your baggage checked. And there's how I came to visit an aunt."

Bernard smiled grimly. "Then you had only a third run, if I might say so, your European tour?"

"That is an, er, Mr. Melissas answered, looking up at him questioningly through these pretty gray spectacles. "I'd put away quite a little sum of my own to make this trip upon. It was my only chance of seeing Europe and improving myself a little. I knew when I started I couldn't go all the round trip with the rest of my party, but I thought I'd cut out with them anyway and go ahead as long as my funds held out, and then when I was through I'd turn about and come home again."

"But you put away the money yourself?" Lucy asked, with a little start of admiring surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered eagerly. "I know it. I saved it."

"From your allowance?" Lucy suggested from the restricted horizon of her English point of view.

Melissa laughed a merry little laugh of amusement. "Oh, no," she said, "from my salary."

"From your salary?" Bernard put in, looking down at her with an inquiring glance.

"Yes, sir; that's it," Melissa answered, all unabashed. "You see, for four years I was a clerk in the postoffice. She pronounced it 'clerk,' but that's a detail."

"Oh, indeed?" Bernard asked. He was burning to know how, I could see, but politeness forbade him to press Melissa on so delicate a point any further.

Melissa, however, herself supplied at once the missing information. "My father was postmaster in our city," she said simply, "under the last administration—President Hancock's, you know—and he made me one of his clerks of course when he'd gotten the place, and as long as the fun went on I saved all my salary for a tour in Europe."

"And at the end of four years?" Lucy said.

"Our party went out," Melissa put in confidentially. "So when the trouble began my father was dismissed, and I had just enough left to take me as far as Rome, as I told you."

I was obliged to explain parenthetically, to allay Lucy's wonderment, that in America the whole personnel of every local government office changes almost completely with each incoming president.

"That's so, sir," Melissa assented, with a wise little nod. "And as I didn't think it likely our folks would get in again in a hurry—the country's had enough of us—I just thought I'd make the best of my money when I'd got it."

"And you used it all up in giving yourself a holiday in Europe?" Lucy exclaimed, half reproachfully. To her economic British mind such an expenditure of capital seemed horribly wasteful.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered, all unconscious of the faint disapproval implied in Lucy's tone. "You see, I'd never been anywhere much away from Kansas City before; and I thought this was a special opportunity to go abroad and visit the picture galleries and cathedrals of Europe, and enlarge my mind and get a little culture. To us a glimpse of Europe's an intellectual necessity."

"Oh, then, you regarded your visit as largely educational?" Bernard put in with increasing interest. Though he was a fellow and tutor of King's, I will readily admit that Bernard's personal tastes lie rather in the direction of rowing and football than of general culture; but still, the American girl's point of view decidedly attracted him by its novelty in a woman.

"That's so, sir," Melissa answered once more in her accustomed affirmative. "I took it as a sort of university trip. I graduated in Europe. In America, of course, wherever you go, all you can see everywhere just the same, purely new and American. The language, the manners, the type don't vary; in Europe you cross a frontier or a ribbon of sea, and everything's different. Now, on this trip of mine, we went first to Chester, to glimpse a typical old English town—those Rows, oh how lovely!—and then to Leamington, for Warwick castle and Kenilworth. Kenilworth's just glorious, isn't it—with its moat and red walls and its dark green ivy, and the ghost of Amy Robert walking up and down upon the close shaven English grass plots."

"I've heard it's very beautiful," Bernard admitted gravely.

"What! You live so close and you've never been there?" Melissa exclaimed in frank surprise.

Bernard allowed, with a smile, he had been so culpably negligent.

"And Stratford-on-Avon too?" Melissa went on enthusiastically, her black eyes beaming. "Isn't Stratford just charming? I don't care for the interminable Shakespearean ruminations, you know—that's all too new and made up. We could raise a Shakespeare house like that in Kansas City any day; but the church and the elms, and the wrens and the river! I made such a sweet little sketch of them all, so soft and peaceful. At least, the place itself was as sweet as a corner of heaven, and I tried as well as I could in my way to sketch it."

"I suppose it is very pretty," Bernard replied in a meditative tone.

Melissa started visibly. "What! You never been there either?" she exclaimed, taken aback. "Well, that is odd now! You live in England, and have never run over to Stratford-on-Avon! Why, you do surprise me! But there! I suppose you English live in the midst of culture, as it were, and can get to it all right away at any time, so, you know, you don't think quite so much of it as we do, who have to make up our minds, perhaps for years, to get, for once in our lives, just a single passing glimpse of it. You live 300 miles from it; you must be obliged to content right down to the finger ends."

Bernard modestly responded, twirling his neatly manicured fingers and the river and the wrens and the wrens, and more in his way than art or studies there.

"And where else did you go besides England?" Lucy asked really interested.

"Well, ma'am, from London we went across by Gt. Ouse to Bruges, where I studied the Flemings and made a few little copies from them. Then we went to the Rhine, with my sunny curls. It's such a quaint old place, Bruges. I've come to flow as stagnant as its own canals. Have you ever been there?"

Continued on English Page.